Castiel "This is reminiscent of the Seventh Plague, do you not agree?"

It looked like the office of a wealthy CEO. Its occupants looked human. Castiel didn't wonder at why, anymore.

His Brothers wanted him to learn about humanity, and they wanted him to learn about humanity the hard way. Hence the office and the cubicles downstairs, and the pain from emotions humans felt.

Castiel had lost track of when (not that it mattered) he had been forced from Earth. (not that Earth mattered, or so he was being taught) He had lost track of how many irate phone calls he had been forced to answer, and how many failed escapes and romances and everything that came with being human. Everything except the reasons that made humans cling to their lives. Love had no place here. Neither did mercy.

Castiel shivered under Zachariah's gaze and forced himself not to think of anything. He was supposed to be a soldier, a hammer. Nothing more.

When the windows began to rattle he didn't move. He looked straight ahead and tried to see nothing he wasn't supposed to. He could tell Zachariah was pleased with this, simply by the increase of power and intensity in his superior's eyes.

"You've Fallen, Castiel, but we won't let Lucifer use you." That was what he had been told, the moment he had felt in his stolen bones that his Grace was at its weakest point. They had taken him then, not bothering to part him from his vessel, or from anything he carried.

The windows rattled more, and the glass cracked. That was when Zachariah's eyes flashed worry and annoyance, but Castiel didn't react. Couldn't.

He didn't react as the glass exploded inward, covering the room. If he were hurt, his Brothers would heal him. They wanted to keep him from death, after all.

But Zachariah was standing and turning to find out what had done that to the windows, and the moment he looked outside, the painful replica of Earth they were in began to bleed fire from the sky.

There was heat in Castiel's body, heat in the room, heat everywhere as he couldn't stop himself from joining Zachariah at the window.

The sky was raining fire, fire and ice. The sky was breaking open, and light was pouring in. Castiel barely noticed when Zachariah vanished. He barely noticed as the fake world he was in suffered.

There was something more important happening than that. He could feel Jimmy within him, somehow, somehow alive and awake and confused, and he could feel his cuts healing and his Grace returning him, hurting him as it filled places that had been too dry for too long.

But there was still something more important happening.

There was heat in Castiel's pocket, blackening his trench coat, burning Jimmy's fingers. The burns healed immediately, and the coat was repaired with a thought, but the heat stayed, strong and powerful.

There were tears in Castiel's eyes, an all-too-human reaction as he moved to kneel. He breathed, and the air that entered him was laced with the scent of flowers, a smell Dean had once told him, long ago, that meant that heaven was on Earth in the form of pie, and heat.

"He was right about the pie, my child," and Castiel couldn't stop the smile. He had been around humans for too long, he thought, but the warmth of his Father's approval hummed in Jimmy's bones. "Stand, Castiel."

Castiel stood, tears flowing freely as he beheld the face of his Father.